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HAVERFORD VERSE

BY

Haverfordians Past and Present

Commemorating the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the College

PHILADELPHIA
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PREFACE.

This little book of verse by Haverfordians past and present is issued in the expectation that it will pleasantly remind the reader of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Haverford College. The first part of the book contains verses on local or purely college subjects; the second part includes some of the best poems composed by Haverfordians who have more seriously listened to the Muse.

Thanks are due to Maxfield Parrish, '92, for contributing the cover design, which he made especially for this book; and also to the authors whose names are given with the various pieces of verse.

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HAVERFORD VERSE

A POEM

Read at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Haverford College, October 27, 1883.

Thro' airy seas, upon a barge of fire, Comes Autumn, spirit of fulfill'd desire; Her robe shines yellow thro' the brooding haze, Her eyes beam mild beneath a golden tire.

Men hail her harbinger of every good, As thro' the broad Pactolus of the wood Her keel cuts flamewise, dashing fiery spray To right and left athwart the golden flood.

Then, as she drifts across the seas of grain, Men dream no more of waxing or of wane; And earth and heaven, for one golden kiss, Steal back again to the Saturnian reign. Girt with such joys, O Mother Lov'd, behold To-day thy tale of fifty years is told;

And on the sunbright beauty of thy brow Falls the warm shadow of a crown of gold!

* * * * *

And we, who once amid thy peaceful ways
Fed on the honey of harmonious days,
And drank the milk of glad content,—lo, we
Come now to render thee our love and praise.

And yet,—what honor have we done thy name? 'Twas ours to carve it on the walls of fame:

But who hath seen thy favor in the lists,

Or mark'd our swords amid the battle flame?

Ah, recreant knights! and wherefore should we dare

To touch thy robe, to breathe thy haunted air, And tell of quests forsaken, trophies lost, Not one return for all thy generous care? * * * * *

Nor is thy labor fruitless. Though thy ear Rings not with praises of the pious seer, A thousand hearts beat braver for thy word, And myriad memories shall hold thee dear.

Go, let you Agamemnon's fame be blown
In trumpet song thro' every time and zone,—
Thou teachest us to take a better way,
And win approval from no earthly tone.

In clouds of dust, the great Olympic band Down time's arena sweeps from land to land; And o'er and thro' the gloomy whirlwind flash The torches, brandish'd in some favor'd hand.

Not thine such strife, O Mother! Let the glare Of those wild torches fill the shrieking air,—
Thou hast thy ward upon the strand of time,
Watching that other light with jealous care;—

The light that o'er the ocean of the soul
Shines on untroubled by the tempest's roll;

In seas of change set on eternal rock,
A certain beacon to a certain goal.

Men's eyes were sick of straining thro' the night;
Some followed phantoms, others curs'd their sight;
Priests babbled on, they scarce knew what, till
Fox

Cried thro' the darkness: "Lo, the Inner Light!"

Good need for such a cry. When time began, God gave the charter of the soul to man, And sealed it with indissoluble seals, And set its enemies beneath his ban.

And time sped on; and soon from pole to pole
Man fared and throve and wax'd in cunning, goal
By goal he touch'd, won beauty, might, but lost
In evil hour the charter of his soul.

Priests fill'd his vision with their altar-smoke, Fetch'd him poor stammerings from cave or oak And taught him that the thunder-word of God He could not hear, save only when they spoke.

Yet prophet after prophet down the night Cried out impetuous warning, having sight Of that sweet Eastern Star. But once again The world had prov'd unworthy of the Light.

Thou quaking clown, with rack'd and dizzy brain, Wandering homeless in the night and rain,
Sobbing thy prayers,—art thou a prophet, too?
What wisdom hath the world from thee to gain?

Fox made reply: "Cringing to mitred nod,
O men, and fearful of a priestly rod,
'Tis time to waken from this feudal dream
And hold your tenancy direct from God!"

O, one clear note among the hours whose chime Rings dull on this alloy of doubt and crime!—
Keep tune with that, O Mother; 'tis thy trust Until this gray world touch the bourn of time.

* * * * *

So speaks the higher mood. But ah, more dear Are Memory's voices to the waiting ear.

Hither we come to hear her, and escape
The future's giant warders, Hope and Fear.

What reck we how the alternate glow and gloom Dart back and forth in time's eternal loom? Our ears are weary of its ceaseless whir, Its broken echoes snatch'd from empires' doom.

What care we how yon sullen planets fly
Force-hounded down the ranges of the sky?
Enough for us, the sweetest summer day
Must stretch at last its shadow-arms,—and die.

How may it give the night-worn watcher ease That day is breaking over Indian seas? And ears that ache amid the din of life, Shall they be sooth'd by unheard harmonies? But Memory's voice is heard. You litany
Upborne in thunders of the sky and sea,
Tunes the archangel's march; while men love
best

The flower-strung throbbings of the minor key.

In steady march, amid the glare of day, Life's army plods its upward Alpine way.

A noontide halt: and lo, our happy feet A moment thro' this fir-arch'd valley stray.

Glad as all earth is when the gloom is torn
From day's far eyry, and along the corn
Skim the swift wings of sunlight, filling the air
With sudden rapture of imperial morn,—

So glad this valley. Boyhood's haunts we find, Dream the old dreams, on mossy bank reclined, And hear again among you waving boughs The immemorial sagas of the wind. And friends—whom all our friendship could not save—

Cross hitherward the marches of the grave, Dim as a waned moon rising from the sea, Spray-mantled in the kiss of wind and wave.

And pale desires, ambitions long since flown,
Pass dreamwise down the paths of thought, and
moan

Majestic woe, as if a throng of kings In stately exile sorrow'd for the throne.

The horns of Færy blow a fitful peal From forest depths; and down their vistas steal Shapes beckoning to follow where afar Stream the dim garments of our old Ideal.

For memories of each discrown'd Avatar Live on, defiant of the crowns that are; As year by year upon its earthward way Speeds the sad splendor of a vanish'd star.

* * * * *

HARK! querulous trumpets blow; the loud drum wakes

Harsh echoes rolling down the vale; life takes

The old burdens up; the march is form'd; and thro'

Our morning dreams the glare of noontide breaks.

Forward!—Yet listen: sounds as of a bell Die on the air in long and silvery swell.

O mark, my brothers! 'Tis the olden time Chiming at once its blessing and farewell.

But Hail! to Thee—and may thy joys increase! Soft fall thy footsteps down the paths of peace; And may the stars that shine upon thy way From golden ministrations never cease.

F. B. Gummere, '72.

POEM

Read at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the Everett Society, March 30, 1883.

What! take up the long-disused lyre,
And thrum on the rusted old strings!
But where is the primitive fire?
What sort of a voice is't that sings?
Small blame, if you deem of your Scald less
When his high C shows symptoms of wear;
It comes with incipient baldness
And silvering hair.

But stay! Time, that troubles the voices,
Has a meddlesome touch for the ears;
The singer sincerely rejoices
That his song may be tried by his peers.
He warbles in quavering fashion,
And the youngsters pronounce it a bore;
But the graybeards declare it with passion
As sweet as before.

For here sure the place and the time is,

The hour and even the man;

For here the day-spring of his rhyme is,—
'Twas here all the trouble began.

And now in her century's quarter

The "Everett," where first he learned
To flirt with the Thunderer's daughter,

His tribute has earned.

We grappled with every topic,

So the great world could come to no harm;

Sometimes our discussions were tropic,

They never were other than warm.

While the statesmen were still undecided,

Were doubtful and dumb and perplexed,

You settled the question, or I did,

And tackled the next.

Did we e'er set tin gods in high places,
For the core did we e'er take the rind?
In the splendid Olympian races
Did we e'er count the winner behind?

Well! all things were in our possession, We owned and enjoyed them, forsooth; We were sitting in permanent session, Our chairman was Youth.

Ay de mi, is it possible ever

To stay the swift feet of the hours?

To conquer the exigent Never,

What avail principalities, powers?

Alert and alive and immortal,

With loins all begirt for the strife,

We stood in the Arch of the Portal,

And gazed upon Life.

What knew we, or cared for, its burthens,
For the skeleton wrecks on its strand,
When sure that its worthiest guerdons
Were gained by a lift of the hand?
Now we've braved all the changes of weather,
Have trodden the world up and down:
Come they not always, brothers, together,
The Cross and the Crown?

Brave boys, comrades dear, as one gazes
Athwart the broad tract of the years,
One asks of himself what the haze is;
Is it distance—perchance, is it tears?
The seasons pass by in their courses,
We gather the harvest they bring;
Loves and hates, pleasures, pains and remorses,—
Returns not the Spring.

Are we wiser for all of this knowing,
Or happier holding it fast?
Shall the grain that was good in the sowing
Be smothered in tares at the last?
Nay, the ripe fruit shall follow the blossom,
The gold be untouched by alloy,
So we treasure in Manhood's scarred bosom
The heart of the Boy.

J. PARRISH, '62

A SONG FOR THE ALUMNI.

(Tune: Mandalay.)

NEAR a line of elms and maples, shading downward to the gate,

There's our college home a-resting; there the ghosts of memory wait

Till the voices of the night-time signal us with one accord—

"Come you back, you older children; come you back to Haverford!"

Come we back to Haverford Where the dear Professors poured

Cauldronsful of molten learning down our throats at Haverford;

To the fields of Haverford,

Where the flannel breeches scored,

And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder, with a thee-thou Haverford.

For a-loving her is easy, and a-doubting her is crime;

And her name is *Alma Mater*, till the death of Father Time;

When we heard that name as Freshmen, it was music to our ears,

And the cadence swells and broadens, through the tumult of the years;

Through the rattle and the noise,

Through the sorrows and the joys,

Hear the cadence swell and broaden, that we loved when we were boys

On the fields of Haverford

Where the flannel breeches scored,

And we yo-yo'd like thunder, with a thee-thou Haverford.

When the sun proclaims the springtime, and the breezes gently blow,

With that sound upon our ear-drum, and that breeze upon our cheek,

We used to get our lessons—but we got them rather weak.

John-o'-grinds, your logic's weak, And your sludgy mudgy Greek;

Why the mischief don't you "buck" 'em, and like Christians take a sneak

To the fields of Haverford

Where the flannel breeches scored

And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder, with a thee-thou Haverford?

Bear us back to busy moments, when the worst was like the best;

And we took our daily labor sugar-coated with a jest;

For old Founders' bell is ringing, and we must not now be late,

Near the lines of elms and maples, shading greenly to the gate,

On the fields of Haverford

Where the flannel breeches scored

And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder, with a thee-thou Haverford,

J. S. Morris, '91.

HAVERFORD SONG.

(Tune: "Soldiers of the Queen.")

Comrades, come, and loyally we'll sing
Praises to Haverford so dear,
And so clearly let our voices ring
That wondering all the world shall hear.
And tho' days to come may still our outward song,
Yet as the years go rolling by,
Song in our hearts shall be, and love our part shall
be
To Haverford, and never shall it die,
To Haverford, and never shall it die.
And when we say that we are brothers,
Remember what has made us so.

CHORUS:

'Tis our love for Haverford, my lads, That swells, my lads, that dwells, my lads, In the hearts of all of us, my lads, As her praise we sing with one accord;
And thou, O Time, tho' strong thou art,
Yet never, never, shalt thou part
The ties that ever bind the heart of every son of
Haverford.

Four short years soon merrily are sped;
With them our college life is o'er;
Yet the thought of days that long have fled
In memory dwells for evermore;
And when we think that in the coming years
On college days we'll turn our back,
Let us be bold in all to e'er uphold in all
The honor of the Scarlet and the Black,
The honor of the Scarlet and the Black.
And when we say that we are brothers,
Remember what has made us so.

Chorus:

'Tis our love for Haverford, my lads, etc.

E. W. Evans, '02.

A LYRIC OF THE SCRUB.

We don our sticky clothing with bravely hidden loathing,

We do our best to bear a dauntless mien,

And at the door you'll find us with the Varsity behind us,

For we know that four-fifteen means four-fifteen.

But the first team doesn't worry, and it smiles at all our flurry,

(Though we do 'sometimes contrive to scare a sub,)

For it's the old, old story, that our only taste of glory

Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

It warms us like a tonic when we hear the coach's chronic,

"Now, scrub, I want to see you hold that line."

Ah, how our fierce eyes glisten as we grit our teeth and listen;

"One-three-eleven-seven-twenty-nine,"

And, oh! the blessed feeling, as we scramble, dizzy, reeling

To our places, wondering where the next will come,

At the blasé intonation of our quarter's declaration: "Well, scrub, I rather guess that's holding some."

But the first team doesn't worry when they say "You've got to hurry.

Now steady up and give those men a rub;"

For they know the old, old story, that our only taste of glory

Is when we hear "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

But the Varsity keep pounding with assurance quite astounding,

And they mock us with a supercilious grin,

And they haven't any fear, for they know whom the bleachers cheer for,

When the game is really ready to begin.

But it surely is amazing what a little bit of praising Can keep us happy while we grind and grub; For crippled, halt, rheumatic, together wax ecstatic

When the leader gives "The Hoorays for the Scrub!"

J. F. WILSON, '10.

"AINOMORE."

Once upon an evening dreary, while I waited weak and weary,

With a cold and hungry gathering, pounding feet upon the floor,

While we waited nearly freezing, suddenly there came a wheezing

As of someone quickly seizing on the bolt that held the door.

"Open up," we loudly shouted, "open up the blasted door!

Keep us waiting here no more!"

With a rushing did we enter, like a tandem play through center,

And we fell to eating food no mortal ever dared to eat before;

But the silence was unbroken; soon the empty plates gave token,

And the only word there spoken was the desperate cry, "Some more!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured with me, "Bring some more!"

Take it out and get some more!"

Loudly then I cried for butter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a coal black waiter, of a shade ne'er seen before.

Not the least obeisance made he, not for any order stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, took his station near the door,

Never heeding as the tables voiced their hunger with a roar,

Simply said, "Dere ainomore!"

"Waiter," said I, "get some beans! Get some meat by any means!

Get some more potatoes, jelly, toast, cake, pie, and cauliflower!"

But for all our supplication, imprecation, perspiration,

To our great exasperation came the answer, "Ainomore."

"Bring some water, charcoal raven from the alleys of Ardmore!"

Quoth the waiter, "Ainomore."

S. M. Boher '05.

A BALLADE OF DESIRES.

The burden of much study. Oil by night,
Much strong tobacco, and an ice-bound brow,
And muttered curses at my sorry plight!
For lo! The term's end is upon me now,
And I must get, I know not where or how,
The knowledge requisite to pull a C,
Or those in power by no means will allow
That I annex a bachelor's degree.

The burden of ambition. Day and night I struggle, with the sweat upon my brow, At football or at cricket, for the right To wear an H. One letter is enow!—And I am not so anxious anyhow, When all is said, to sign myself A. B. An H for mine, though no one shall allow That I annex a bachelor's degree!

The burden of ambition. That I might,
When I shall come to make my final bow,
Be proud possessor of the two-fold right
That I so crave and struggle after now,
Perplexed of brain and sweat-bedewed of brow
To grace my bosom with an H, pardee!
And that the Faculty at last allow
That I annex a bachelor's degree!

ENVOY.

You, prince or president, endowed with might,
Within whose power alone this thing shall be,
The H is up to me—but give the right
That I annex a bachelor's degree.

J. C. THOMAS, 2d, '08.

BALLADE.

I AM not lavish; yet I am not loth
To lend this man a nickel for the 'phone;
Or that, a two cent stamp; or unto both,
Most that I may (or may not) call my own.
For all of these sweet friendship can atone;
And every trivial loss is soon forgot;
But let me store my grudge for him alone
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

I can forgive the man who takes my purse,
For there is seldom very much therein;
At him who begs a pipe, I do not curse;
At the tobacco sponge I merely grin:
A Morris-chair, a raincoat, or a pin,
Are things which I had rather lend than not;
But he shall find no penance for his sin,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

I do but chortle, if a classmate seek
My suit-case for a paltry month or so;
A beatific smile doth light my cheek
As I observe my collar buttons go;
Not one external token do I show,
When my umbrella quits its hallowed spot;
But on his head I call eternal woe,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

L'ENVOI.

O ye, that borrow rather less than I;
Borrow! excepting this, I care not what:
But on his head let vengeance multiply,
Who stealthily doth filch my Latin trot!

J. F. Wilson, '10.

SONG OF THE EDITOR.

In these days of office seeking,
When every son of man
Is looking round for honor
And getting what he can,
Of all the high positions
To be had throughout the land,
I'd choose to be an editor
And read upon the stand.*

Talk about distinction,

Talk of wealth and fame;

There's naught but tinkling cymbals;

Glory's but a name,

When compared to being editor,

To read upon the stand

At the Athenaeum meeting

With the manuscript in hand.

^{*}At meetings of the Athenaeum Society the magazine was read aloud by the Editor.

Then 'tis so very pleasant

To tease and coax and bribe

Humanity in general

To turn into a scribe.

And to get so many promises

As one can carry home,

And to have the promised article

Always fail to come.

Who would go to Congress
With its quarrels and debates?
Who'd care to be the President
Of our United States?
Or who'd thank our greatest general
For the whole of his command,
When one can be the editor,
And read upon the stand?

What are palace, throne, and sceptre?
They never will compare
With the sanctum of an editor,
His goose-quill and his chair.

Of all the high positions

To be had throughout the land,
I'd choose to be an editor

And read upon the stand.

From "The Gem," 1884.

"INVALIDED."

On! you talk about your tackles, and you praise your plucky ends,

But forget the lad that's laid up with a knee that never bends;

Just a line will do for cripples when the season's at its height;

But a football knee's my steady every morning, noon, and night.

So don't put on your sweater, and don't put on your pad;

But sit in tubs of water till the mustard

Makes

You

Mad!

Just hear the crowd a-cheerin'
And figure up the score,
An' listen to the quarter singin'
Sixteen—

Four!

All the crowd was on the side-lines, and the ropes were straining hard,

And the megaphones were gruntin' to the tackle, back, and guard;

When I heard the number rattle, and I knew that that meant me—

So I ran—got thrown—disabled—now I sing in minor key—

So don't put on your sweater, and don't put on your pad;

But sit in tubs of water till the mustard Makes

You

Mad!

For they crushed our interference—I was tired and streaked with lime;

And the wind I had at kick-off wasn't doing record time;

And he made a flying tackle—Low?—he hit the shoelace fine:

So I warned the sub and umpire, as I limped back to the line—

So don't put on your sweater, and don't put on your pad;

But sit in tubs of water till the mustard Makes

You

Mad!

Say! Olympic shades of athletes! O ye ghosts of former stars!

What calm can soothe the spirit of the guard a lame knee bars?

For I never played as "ringer," I was never "boxed" or dodged;

Yet I camp at training quarters where the other "stuff" is lodged.

So don't put on your sweater, and don't put on your pad;

But sit in tubs of water till the mustard

Makes

You

Mad!

R. J. Burdette, Jr., 1900.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

A CRICKET SONG.

Words by J. Parrish, '62. Music by Professor E. W. Brown.

"ARMS and the man," Vergil began,
Let us proceed on the Mantuan plan;
Arms and the bat,—sing we of that;
The war of the wicket knocks other wars flat.
Swish, whack, hit her a crack!
Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black!

Raise we the song, lift it along,
To Haverford cricketers, lusty and strong,
Kissed by the sun, brown as a bun,
Gritty and resolute, every one.
Swish, whack, etc.

What since the birth of the jolly old earth, On the whole round of her corpulent girth, Equals the scene, when on the green Stand the stout batsmen the wickets between? Swish, whack, etc.

Sightly to see, rapid and free,
The song of the wood of the staunch willow tree.
Joyous to hear, falls on the ear
The whiz of the ball and the answering cheer.
Swish, whack, etc.

Out flies the stump, out—with a jump.

Jove! It is Cromwell dissolving the Rump!

Down goes the sun; last man but one;

He's a Haverford boy and the game's just begun.

Swish, whack, etc.

Stand to it, boys (Bother their noise!)
The cricketer knows the quintessence of joys.
Pile up the score, always one more,—
The heart of the mother throbs clean to the core.
Swish, whack, etc.

Oh let us praise glorious days!
See our brows crowned with victorious bays
Who else can be gladder than we,
Scarlet and Black in the foremost to see?
Swish, whack, etc.

HAVERFORD SONG.

Words and music by C. L. Seiler, 1902.

Come gather round and join with us in song,
Let melody be now our part,—
To show to others how our love is strong,
And will remain till life depart.
For Haverford, the dearest name we know,
That through these four bright college years
Has been a name to make us come and go,
A name that's magic to our ears.

CHORUS:

For Haverford, for Haverford, our minds and hearts are one;

We'll stand together, lads, for Haverford, till all the sands of life are run.

As forth we go from these dear college walls, These happy scenes we'll leave behind; But e'er through life, wherever duty calls,
We'll turn to memories, always kind,
Of Alma Mater and her tender care,
That made us men this world to face,
That gave us minds with which to do and dare,
And hearts attuned always in praise—

CHORUS:

For Haverford, etc.

FOOTBALL SONG.

Words and music by E. Field, '97.

THERE is a certain college, not far from Quaker Town,

Where you can get some knowledge about a good touchdown.

You sleep at night in safety, the gridiron serves you board;

For one and all can play football out there at Haverford.

Chorus:

Hurrah for the team of the Scarlet and the Black,

For they have the skill and the knowledge!

Straight down the field till the touchdown is made,

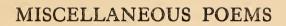
A score for our good old college.

- We smash through guard and tackle, we circle both the ends,
- And then the pigskin soaring our sturdy fullback sends.
- Our line will stand unshaken against opponents' plays.
- With one accord for Haverford a song of victory raise.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for, etc.







HAVERFORD VERSE

VILLON.

AH, my singer of olden days,

That tweaked your stupid time by the nose,

Taunted, tippled, and went your ways,—

What did you care for laurels or bays?

Down from the balcony fluttered a rose.

High in the heaven of heavens afar
Glittered your planet,—Glory, suppose—;
And ways so foul should the wanderer bar.
What did you care for the mire,—or the star?
Down from the balcony fluttered a rose.

F. B. Gummere, '72.

MARLOWE.

Thou didst behold the master-builder sun
Fashion cloud-palaces in faery-lands;
And thou didst hear the flood-tide breakers run,
Clashing their choruses on glittering sands.

Thy voice, Kit Marlowe, had their majesty,
Their splendor, and their thunder, and their
charge;

And songs of stars and sunrise were in thee,— Thy thoughts were mighty and thy accents large.

For through thee have we marched with Tamburlaine,

Shouting subjection to proud Indian kings;

And, spite of all thy failure to attain

Thy far-seen goal, thou send'st us word of things

Victorious, priceless,—were it only this: "To ride in triumph through Persepolis!"

W. S. HINCHMAN, 1900.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Read at the unveiling of the bust of John Bright, at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I., Third month 28th, 1884.

I.

Few men of hero-mould
The Quaker counts amid his ranks to-day;
But, in the troublous times of old,
Before commodity's loud gold
Drowned with its clank the clash of steel,
The Quaker held no devious way;
For him to see was but to feel,
To feel was but to say.

II.

All hail those men of yore!

Amid innumerable disasters true

To that brave standard which they bore;—

Whether amid the maddened roar

Of priest-led mobs, or scourged and flung To die in gaols, or where the few Sat waiting for the cloven tongue,— But one straight path they knew.

III.

Yet peace breeds doubtful virtues. When the flame

Of persecution flickered, fell, expired,
So dimmed the old lustre; no hot shame
The wavering conscience fired.
So, when wild storms are past, and winds grow tame,

And the foil'd tempest holds his hand,
The vessels cast safe anchor near the strand;
And sweet it seems a gentle sea to ride,
While lapping waters lave
The weary, battered side:—
"Ah, linger thus," the shipmen cry, "near land,
Nor tempt again the buffets of the wave!"
They will not heed the voice

That calls from far and chides their choice;
He must not dally with the shore
Who thinks on noble gain,
But bend him stoutly to the oar,
And seek the midmost main,
And wrest their treasure from the clasp of wave and hurricane.

IV.

Ho! pilot of the roaring seas!

No summer sailor thou;
It was no idle breeze

That set those manly lines upon thy brow;
For thou hast done what all to do are fain,
Yet few, ah, few attain:—
Hast never struck thy sail
And fled before the gale
Till it had spent its force,—
But sawest clear upon the chart of life
Thy straight-drawn track; and though the storm
blew loud,

And elemental strife
In one mad whirl joined sea and cloud,
Thou hast but lash'd thy helm and held thy course.
And for the manly heart and manly deed
Thy country loves thee; —gives
Honor unstinted as thy meed;
And they that still can hold
The Quaker name, rejoice that one man lives
Who fills the measure of their hero-mould.

V.

At glimpse of wrong, thy voice that knows not fear, As sword from scabbard still hath leapt, and fills With noblest echoes these wide halls of time. We too, when tempests shook our western clime, And all the air was rife with bodings grave, Have felt new hope, to hear That voice of manly cheer, And mark the signal of a friendly hand From yon far strand Where thy bluff England dashes back the wave.

VI.

Brief be our word, yet strong. So we this greeting send, Stout English heart, across the severing sea, Whose chainless waters blend The breezes of two nations that are free: Free, free for evermore! And shore shall call to shore In sister freedom till the end of time: And still the thunder-chime Of that vast sea shall chorus the same song. Ay, he who bends his ear To those great tones, shall hear Exultant voices, swelling high, proclaim That thou, undaunted heart, Hast play'd a hero's part, Joining with freedom's deathless song thy deathless name.

F. B. GUMMERE, '72.

TRANSLATION FROM BACCHYLIDES.

Serenade to Lachon of Ceos (winner in the boys' foot-race and boxing).

"LACHON has lot of such renown
From Zeus most-high as yet had none,
Enhancing fame with feet that run
Beside Alpheus flowing down.
For which ere this with hair wreath-bound
Olympic youths sang songs around,
How Ceos, with her vineyards, crowned
The boxing and the foot-race won.

Thee now song-queen Urania's hymn
Ennobles—O thou wind-fleet one,
Of Aristomenes the son—
Thy praise as victor homeward bringing
And here before thy lintel singing
How thou, thy way through stade-race winging,
Brought Ceos fame no time shall dim."

F. G. Allinson, '76.

HELEN.

She sits within the wide oak hall,

Hung with the trophies of the chase,—
Helen, a stately maid and tall,

Dark-haired and pale of face;

With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,

Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,

The leaves are at their dervish rounds,

The flexile flames upon the hearth

Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.

The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;

Its red light fawns as she lets fall

Escalloped pine-cones, dried and brown,

From loose white hands, till up and down

The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp-flame tugs its wick;

Upon the landing of the stair

The ancient clock is heard to tick

In shadows dark as Helen's hair;

And by a gentle accolade

A squire to languid silence made,

I lean upon my palms, with eyes

O'er which a rack of fancy flies,

While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind lashed without
I hear the conquering Argives shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

E. A. U. Valentine, '91.

THE WINTER WARRIORS.

This road we ride forever— The winds are up to-night, The clouds are black and scattered, The moon is keen and white.

Come, winds of winter, striding Adown the mountain side! In frozen, clanging armor Your sworded warriors ride!

Come, heralding your storm-king In raiment spangled, white, Who tries our hearts and sinews, Who calls us forth to fight!

Come, bring the five-month winter Of boisterous days and snow, Of silent trackless forests, And fir-trees bended low; Of nights when all the heavens
Are dashed with splendid stars,
When northern lights in ancient fights
Clash flaming on the scaurs!

See, see the winter warriors

That spur in squalls of white,

With lance in rest and plume on crest,

All charging through the night!

The stars are in my pulses,—
And white the wind-swept snow!
Strike spur and slacken bridle;
We'll ride forever so!

W. S. HINCHMAN, 1900.

THE MESSAGE OF MARCH.

Who blows his bugle o'er the leas?
Who roves across the snow-clad hills,
With wanton locks upon the breeze,
Yellow as nodding daffodils?
Athwart the welkin, loud and long,
Sounds blare of bugle, snatch of song.
Awake, O World! (so March doth say!)
Awake, for soon she'll wend this way,
With rose-wrought face and fair,
And April in her hair,
The Maid o' Spring,

Clasping the cruel window-grate,

With tearful face, in her gray tower,

Wan with her weary captive fate,

Spring sighs away the laggard hour.

Now hark! The bugle's mellow blast!

And stripling March fares singing past.

Oh! Through the bars, as she doth stand
She waves to him her little hand.
How long the drear delay!
She sighs, ah, well-a-day!
The Maid o' Spring!

The sluggard world from slumber wakes,
In answer to the herald call,
And as from face a lady takes
Her mask, at height of carnival,
The streamlet melts its icy guise
And trips along in olden wise,
While all its liquid notes it sets
To pulse of pebble castanets;
With palm against her ear,
She lightly laughs to hear,
The Maid o' Spring!

The snows that lie on upland height Are clipped by scissors of the sun, Like sheep that lose their fleeces white, And into heaping clouds are spun, That hang o'er fallow field and hill
And sudden showers of silver spill,
While one by one the sylvan, shy
Blue violets break like rifts of sky.
And lo! along the lea
She wanders, wayward, free,
The Maid o' Spring!

E. A. U. VALENTINE, '91.

THE CRICKET.

When the year grows gray and chilly,
And the north wind blows its best,
To my fireside, piping shrilly,
Comes a pert, unbidden guest.

Hid somewhere among the rafters Or within the creviced wall, All night long his little laughters Fill the dusky, hearth-lit hall.

Is it Puck that deigns a visit,

Blowing on his frost-bit thumbs?

No, I need not ask what is it;

For each year the vagrant comes.

'Tis a careless, beggared cricket,

Left by all the rest to roam!

Having lost his summer ticket,

With no means of journeying home.

And for fee the small new-comer Pipes to me his merry lays, Singing of the vanished summer And the bright October days.

And I dream, while he is speaking, Autumn's joys are back again; For his voice is like the creaking Of a laden harvest-wain!

E. A. U. VALENTINE, '91.

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

Land of silence, land of shadow,
Where the rippling streamlets run,
Far beyond the misty meadow
Toward the setting of the sun—

There my thoughts are ever dwelling With the spirit of my dreams, And my love is like the welling Of those silent sliding streams;

And her eyes are like the glimmer
Of the sunlight through the leaves,
When a pool reflects the shimmer
That its limpid depth receives.

Ah, would God that I were going,
As my heart has gone before,
Where those soft-voiced streams are flowing
To that forest-shaded shore.

C. W. STORK, '02.

IN MEMORIAM.

ARISE, my Muse, arise! the breeze is soft,
The maple quakes, the dew-kissed garden steams,
The shadows totter in a world of dreams
And vaporous Night hangs in the air aloft.
The grasses faint upon the scented plain;
My spirit tossing on the panting turf,
Swoons at the swelling bosom of the earth
To drink its deep voluptuousness of pain.

"Arise," I begged, "arise; and lift thy broken wing;

This is an hour of strength, of teeming health;
Thy pain is God's, but thine the gathered wealth
To soar more fair at last and sweeter sing."
Then as a bird, the silent boughs among,
Leaves every leaf melodious at its flight,
So from the closing vapors of the night
These notes returned of sorrow lost in song.

* * * * *

Afar o'er cities, woods and plains,
O'er streams and rolling hills away
Into the North, the pine trees stray,
Drawing the land's arm into the sea:
And this the ocean loves; it smiles
And cockles where last utterly
The hand has dropped just three small isles
Into its bosom trustingly.

'Twas there Love rose, still, silent, rose. For as the ships at evening creep From far, glide 'twixt the isles and close Their wings to rest one night and sleep, Thus stole upon my vacant days The joy of kindred sympathies, Born of the gentlest maid whose gaze E'er blessed the blue and salt of seas.

When Morning opened before us His great, calm, silent eye, With lashes of saffron and crimson Against an imperial sky, No prompter heart with rapture swelled To see Dawn's wonder slow unveiled And watch the mist draw by.

And Noon-tide in the woods deep-delled Dropped from his every branch and leaf A mystic web wherein we, spelled, Fell gracious victims to that thief Of plans, sweet Converse, and his train; Or yielding to the wind-tipped tree Which claimed her sister soul again, Her voice arose in poesy, While softly rang the distant strain Of murmured alto from the sea.

When, pressed by Eve, the laggard day
Rose from the wave, abandoned the wold,
To glow in the sun's last splendid ray,
One moment poised on his wings of gold,
Then sweeter still grew the song of Love,
More sacred the tale he told;
For the hour had come when the lynxes rove
And the shadows lank of the pines on the bank

Leap o'er the silent cove,
When she and I, 'neath an altering sky,
Trembled in blessèd unrest,
When little things stir in the boughs of the fir
And the hush comes out of the west.

Then feeling its way 'mid the bracken and fern The dark crept stealthily on, And we watched the Crown's great jewels burn, And the path of the Scorpion; Or silently seated at Nature's knees, We'd listen and learn of the lisping leaves The secret of elfin mysteries. And oh! we knew where the long land lay With twinkling stars round the rocks at play Where the swell and swish of the rising tide Rushed on the grasses, then sobbed and died; Or we clung more close as the giant shape Of the lone sea-fog stole over the cape And we heard the call of the light-house far Which only the bell, as it rose and fell, Answered at times from the hidden bar.

But now farewell to my cape and pines, My moaning buoy and my harbor light; Dear sacred spot, you shall call in vain, For none is near to harken to-night! Yet surely I must believe that when The tinkling silences of your streams, Your thousand perfumes of fir and bay, Your startled winking fire-fly gleams Float up to Heaven at sleep of Day No sweeter offering e'er could draw Our Savior's gaze. So let the wave That nightly murmurs on that shore Chant to the twinkling dome above This pain from out the praying sea, And of the boundless black implore For her, all ease, all joy, all love, And peace, sweet peace, for me!

A. G. H. Spiers, '02.

THE SEA-SHELL.

OFT as a child I held a sea-beat shell,

Half doubting and half wondering, to my ear,

Eager to catch the distant rhythmic swell,

The murmuring echoes of the sea to hear.

It almost seemed to be a living thing,
And, as I laid it down half-reverently,
A childish pity in my heart would spring
For the dry shell that still sang of the sea.

Now, when I place the shell against my ear,

The rhythmic murmuring greets me as before;

'Tis but the echoing of my pulse I hear,

The shell is dead, and gone the sea and shore.

I lean my heart against the Universe,
And hear the throbbings of eternity,
The whisper of a blessing and a curse,
A Voice that answers "Here am I" to me.

But what if this be also but a shell,

Senseless, nor able succour to impart,

What, if the sounds that seem of love to tell

Be but the echoes of my throbbing heart?

What then? An echo? Naught but Life can hear!

I hear, so live; and Life within me shows
That I am more than God; or else, that near
And everywhere lives God who feels and knows.

R. H. THOMAS, '72.

SUGGESTIONS.

Scent of the wild, wet marshes,
And lisp of the lazy sea,
And a moldering wreck 'mid the coarse green reeds
Looming dismally.

Scent of the dank, dark marshes,
And boom of the lonely sea,
And a screaming seagull sweeping by
Like a startled memory.

C. W. STORK, '02.

THE OCEAN.

THY moods may change, yet changeless still thou art,

Countless the years since first thy waters pressed This barrier shore; since first from East to West Thou didst from sleep to ceaseless motion start; Yet still unchanged thou shore from shore dost part;

Still leap thy breakers at this cliff's bare breast;
Still on this beach thy ripples come to rest
Like children tired upon a mother's heart.
Empires man-built to last the ages through,
Crumbled to dust again the centuries see;
Still in the face of all that time can do
The music of thy waters seems to be
A song of things eternal, ever new,
And yet from time or change forever free.

E. W. Evans, '02

SONNET

Off have I wandered by the changeful sea,
And oft have heard the voices of the deep,
Borne o'er the waves, a wondrous harmony,
The endless song of those who never sleep.
Attired in rainbow robes, the blithesome throng
Sport merrily upon the glistening foam,
And with gay laughter sing their joyous song.
Forever o'er the sunlit sea they roam.
When giant waves traverse the angry main,
A sadder, gloomier host, in garments gray,
With faces pale and eyes aglow with pain,
Chanting their doleful song speed o'er the spray.
But always from the ever-changing sea,
Comes to my ears a wondrous harmony.

J. WHITALL '10.

SPIRIT OF OLD-FASHIONED ROSES

Spirit of old-fashioned roses,
Breathing the air of the spring,
Spirit of far-away roses
Sweet as a song you sing.
Now in the dusk of the twilight
As evening softly falls,
Kiss the farewell of forever,
E'er the thought of forever appalls;
Touch his lips gently and sweetly
As leaves touch a castle's walls.

W. H. HAINES, JR. '06.

SOUVENIR DE DANSEUSE.

O SUAVE and scented slipper,
Where is she, our worshipped tripper?
Ah, my vacant little dove-nest, with your wanton, withered bow!
Where are fled your freaks and fancies,
All the heydays and the dances?
Where is she who poised and panted o'er the foot-lights' starry glow?

What other foot can fit you,
Since she fled who did outwit you,
She who robbed you of her fairy tread, its warm
and rosy throb?
(Ah, I never guessed it parting,
When I saw that tear-drop starting,
Caught a wilful glance she cast me, heard the
gathering girlish sob!)

What pretty wit you chattered,
In the days when nothing mattered!
When amid the fête you flitted o'er the crowded,
rose-strewn floor.

Ah, the dominoes and mummers! And the laughter of new-comers!

Ah, those moon-lit nights of carnival—that move my heart no more!

Youth's happy star is set!
(Like the rose-red cigarette
That so often sparkled gaily in her careless finger tips)

We have both outlived our uses,
Time's rebuffs and love's abuses;
Dead our dreams and days of pleasure—with the
laughter of her lips.

Alone we two are left,

Of her beauty both bereft—

What a host of memories beckon from a passionpurple mist!

Yet, withal, a gleam of gladness
Smites my sense of tears and sadness;
For her phantom wafts a greeting from the laughing lips I kissed.

She filled my heart so truly!

I ever answered duly

To the madness of her mazy moods, the fashion of her sway.

Now it seems that time's devices

Now it seems that time's devices

Are not worth their weary prices—

I would barter all to spend again one old-time foolish day!

The waxen lights are fading;
We are done with masquerading;
We are done with festal halls, with fêtes and fancies
—I and you.

In your emptiness pathetic
There is something quite prophetic,
For my heart that once she filled so well is old and
empty too!

E. A. U. Valentine, '91.

RELEASE.

What chance had flung me on that barren plain,
Me the sea-born sea-lover? Thrust a spear
In hands that yearned to clutch the helm, and steer
For midmost ocean? Bid those streamlets wane
While harbor-beacons reeled before my brain,
And thro' the mountain wall I seemed to hear
The waters blow their herald trumpet clear,
With surge and trampling of the windy main?
And now! O dreamer, on my seas at last,
And laughing in the buffets of the blast,—
Whither my course? What scent of Arctic
breath?

What Thule past? What vanished Hebrides? What phantoms of you hemisphere of death Lure on my bark to undiscovered seas?

F. B. Gummere, '72.

BALLADE OF BOOMS THAT WERE.

APRIL, 1896.

O TELL me in what hidden haunt
Is Flower, with his blighted glee?
And Croker where, and Hughey Grant,
A grateful kinsman, where is he?

And echo *Platt*, responsive Me,
Whom yokels o'er the river bear,
Above the Harlem bridge, so free?—
Where are the booms of the vanished year?

And where is wily David Hill,
On whom, in some unhallowed hour,
The spell of Dennis, settling chill,
Bereft him of his early power?

And where doth Warner Miller cower, Whom that jade, Fortune, chuckèd sheer Outside the breastworks, stark and stour?— Where are the booms of the vanished year?

O Grover, prince; O sire, refrain
In fate's recesses dark to peer,
Lest eke for thee this verse remain,
Where are the booms of the vanished year?

F. B. Gummere, '72.

SONNET.

What wondrous journeys have we made together
Into the happy realms of Arcady,
Heedless of earthly time or place or weather,
Borne on a moment through eternity.
How pure has been our pleasure, yet how free
From fortune's change or season's overthrowing;
For we have sailed a swelling summer sea
When bitterest the winter gales were blowing;
Or often in dead calm, with sunlight glowing,
We rode the wind through wastes of starlit night,
And saw the silent floods beneath us flowing
Over a sunken moon, in liquid light;
While our light laughter, falling far behind,
Rippled to music, trailing down the wind.

J. F. Wilson, '10.

UNDER WAY.

In the East the day is breaking,
Our sails are spread for flight,
And the Viking wakes within us
With all his old delight;
The wild seas roll to windward,
The tame shores sink to lee,
And it's "Ho, for the Mary Chapin!"
And "Ho, for the open sea!"

The foam has kissed the gunwale,
The spray has kissed the prow,
The great, free winds of Heaven
Have kissed our cheek and brow;
It shames us sore that ever
We owned the landsman's chain,
And it's "Ho, for the Mary Chapin!"
And "Ho, for the open main!"

Oh, how the red blood tingles!
Oh, how the eyes flash forth!
We shout as did the fathers
Far sailing from the North.
No human law can hinder,
No human strength restrain,
And it's "Ho, for the Mary Chapin!"
And "Ho, for the open main!"

The Viking wakes within us,
And dies the landsman weak,
The great, free winds of Heaven
Have kissed our brow and cheek;
The wild seas roll to windward,
The tame shores sink to lee,
And it's "Ho, for the Mary Chapin!"
And "Ho, for the open sea!"

H. S. England, '88.

THE TROOPERS.

Ring, memory bells, in plaintive tones!
Along their beaten spectral ways
Glide noiseless troopers from the haunts
Of earlier days.

Alike from graveyards old and lone, With weeping willows trailing low, Or shroudless from their living tombs They come and go.

The old whose trembling hands were laid
In solemn blessing on my head,
The young whose feet with mine have strayed,
By pleasure led.

Old cherished friends, or false, or true, Or changed by time that changes all, These, ever haunting, wait from me Nor beck nor call. Their voices in the window float,
Their shadows glimmer on the lawn;
I wake from early dreams, and they
Are never gone.

Ring plaintive tones, O memory bells! A phantom band its music plays, And noiseless troopers beat the tunes Of earlier days.

C. E. Pratt, '70 From "The Bud," 1867.











